

Life



—B. WRY KILWERT—

JULY 24, 1924

When a Cello Needs a Friend

PRICE 15 CENTS



Men Who Do Things Read Life

LIFE

598 Madison Avenue, New York City

I want to amount to something. Here's my Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40). Please send me LIFE for Ten Weeks.

342

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

It's the big fellows who get there—the clear-eyed, square-jawed, two-fisted world-beaters. They spell SUCCESS.

How about you? Are you taking advantage of this great opportunity for self-promotion?

Climb on the band wagon, brother, and start moving upward. The little coupon in the corner will entitle you to a reserved seat. Join up with the men who do BIG things in a BIG way.

(And speaking of Big Things, we have four special numbers on the cards: Fisherman's, Midsummer, Old Home Week and Feminine.)



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. . . Your Goodrich Dealer will advise you on the correct size of Balloon Cords for your car.

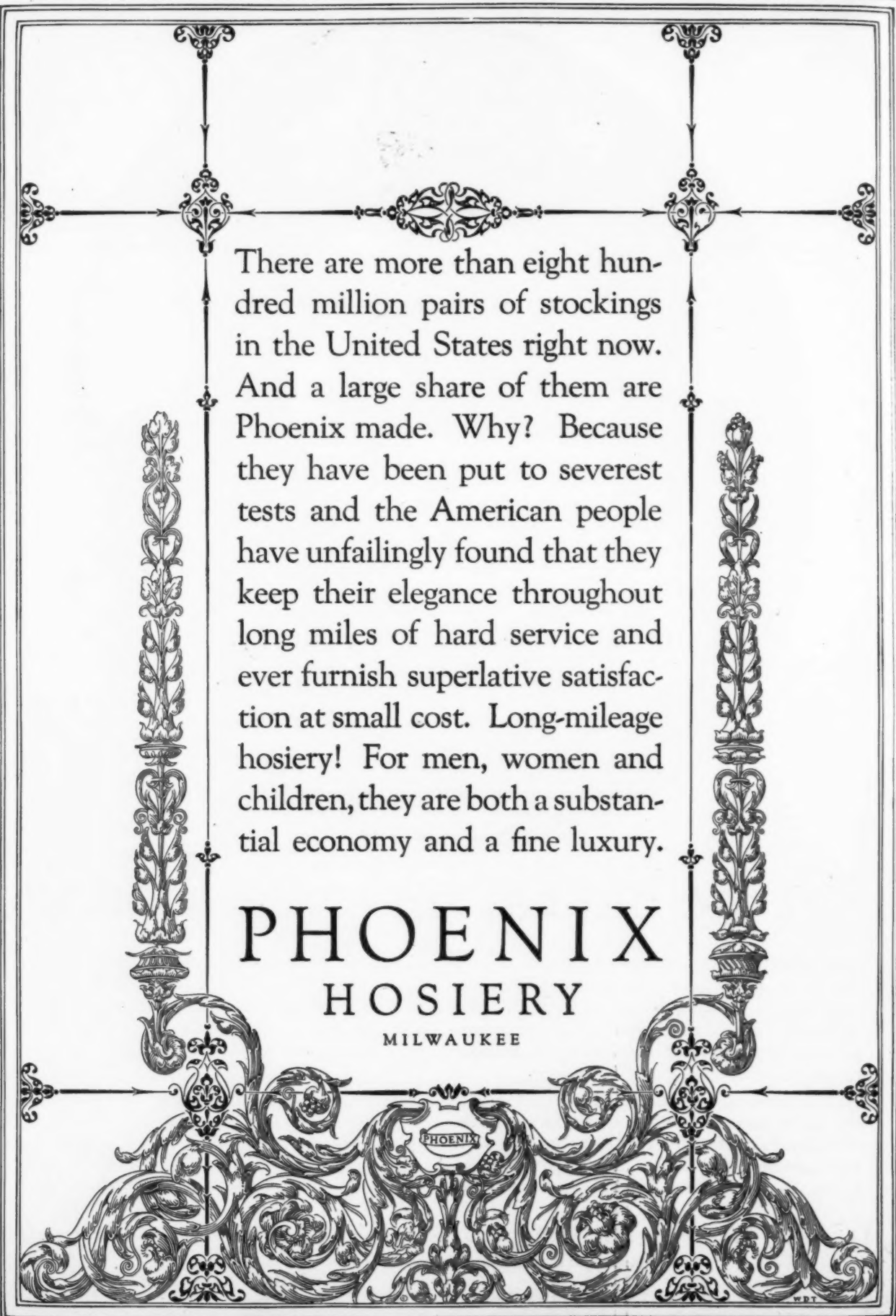


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OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT INVITES SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW USES OF RUBBER



There are more than eight hundred million pairs of stockings in the United States right now. And a large share of them are Phoenix made. Why? Because they have been put to severest tests and the American people have unfailingly found that they keep their elegance throughout long miles of hard service and ever furnish superlative satisfaction at small cost. Long-mileage hosiery! For men, women and children, they are both a substantial economy and a fine luxury.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE



Life

Life Lines

THERE is a man in Illinois who has voted in nineteen presidential elections. One of these days this fellow is going to be disillusioned.

¶

The Fundamentalists seem to be devoting most of their time to entertaining motions that denominations be closed.

¶

A lady bandit recently left her baby son in his carriage outside a bank while she went in to hold the place up. This should teach banks to place "No Parking" signs before their doors.

¶

Looking back over the career of King Constantine of Greece these past few years suggests that he take for his motto: Reign before seven, resign before eleven.

¶

Out of every two hundred of our population, it is estimated, there is one person mentally defective.

"Eenie, meenie, miney, mo——?"



A STUMP SPEAKER

Nicholas Murray Butler invited Papini to lecture in America, and Papini refused. From now on, we should let Dr. Butler do all our inviting.

¶

A British mining expert says that the oil supply in America is running low. Seeking its own level, no doubt.

¶

Dr. Koo has been made Premier of China. Apparently, the Klan is powerful everywhere.

Many improvements are noted in sport-model automobiles, but a fortune awaits the designer of one guaranteed to get over the railroad crossing after the gates are down.

¶

Now that there is a regular air mail service between New York and San Francisco, we can find no possible excuse for those transcontinental hikers whose business it is to carry letters from one Mayor to another.

¶

Tennis rackets, we hear, are being carried to church in England. To give everybody an equal chance at the service?

¶

The act of notifying a presidential candidate of his nomination is paralleled only by the "surprise" parties which wives arrange for husbands.

¶

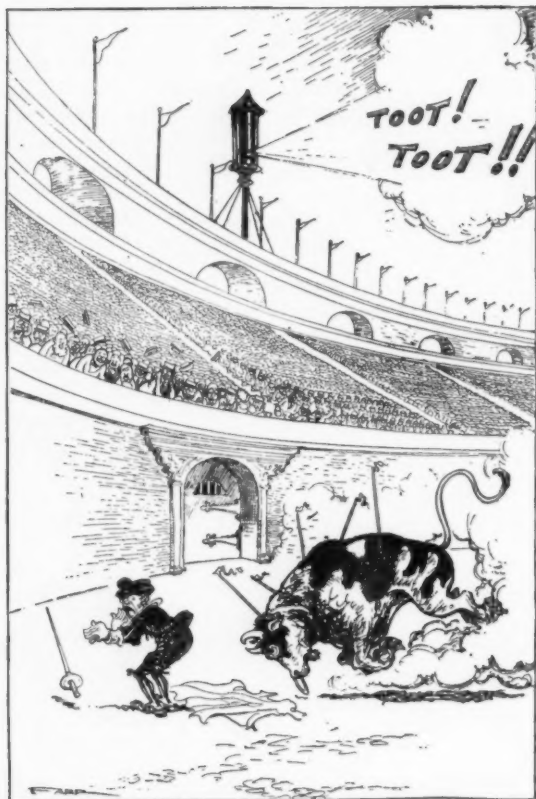
A telephone operator in New York has confessed that she never heard of William Jennings Bryan.

Ignorance is still an adequate synonym for Bliss.



Friend of the Family: HOW IS YOUR FATHER?

"IF YOU MEAN DADDY, HE IS IN RENO. IF YOU MEAN PAPA, HE IS IN PARIS."



Union Toreador: HO, HUM, IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK. I GOTTA KNOCK OFF NOW.

These Americans

The New Yorker

HE can recognize the benign species of yellow taxicabs. He knows where he can get beer. He knows where he cannot get beer. He knows what time it is.

He understands that nine o'clock is early enough to arrive at any theatre and too late to remain at most. He can tell what newspapers have been consolidated during the day, what their new names are and who is conducting their columns.

He talks about owning a place in the country and commuting on the Lackawanna, but the nearest he has ever been to a railroad was in joking about the Erie.

He has no use for small towns. He was born in one.

He complains that the city is becoming overpopulated, but he fails to do the obvious thing toward relieving the pressure.

McC. H.

Absent Treatment

MR. BROWN: Your wife gets a great deal of pleasure out of her garden.

MR. SMITH: Yes, out of it.

THE motor car has made picnicking easier. On the other hand, there is much to be said in its favor.

Ballade of Heroes, 1914-1924

SING, if you will, of the speedy chap
Who's first in the fast Olympic meet;
Sing of the fellow who gains a lap
At the end of the thousand metre heat;
Sing of the runners and hurdlers fleet;—
Then listen to me when your tale is done;
I'll tell you of men who couldn't be beat;
I'll sing of heroes who didn't run.

It's jolly when all the bleachers clap,
And the race brings the roaring stands to their feet;
Tragic, the groans at the sad mishap
Of a twisted knee or a flying cleat;
It's great when the runners go down the street
In celebration of Marathon.
But greater and sadder the tale I'd treat,
The song of the heroes who didn't run.

I sing of the men in an iron cap,
With rags to wear and little to eat;
While the guns poured shot in the murder trap,
They held the trench through rain and sleet;
None to cheer them, and naught to greet
But the whish of the bullet and boom of the gun;
I sing of the heroes all complete,
Of the gallant heroes who didn't run.

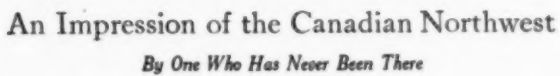
L'Envoi

Prince, look down from your judgment seat;
When the last tape falls and the games are won,
Forget not the greatest of all that compete,
Give praise to the heroes who didn't run!

W. L. Werner.



She: NO, REGGIE, FOR THE LAST TIME, I WILL NOT MARRY YOU.
He: THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT—BRUTE FORCE!



By One Who Has Never Been There



He (proudly): WENT AROUND IN EIGHTY-NINE TO-DAY.
 She: AND WHAT WAS YOUR HURRY?

The Suburbs

THE difference between a suburb and a country village is the Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

The suburbs bring forth an unusual degree of kindness from the ordinarily stony-hearted railroad officials. They give special rates to suburbanites to aid them in escaping from the suburbs daily.

When a suburbanite says, "It's wonderful for the children; I wouldn't think of bringing them up anywhere else," it's ten to one that next year he'll be living in a city apartment.

The business of a suburbanite, which is so slack early in the summer that he can take the 3:14 home and lounge in the hammock the rest of the afternoon, picks up in the most remarkable way as soon as the weeds begin to come up in his wife's garden, and keeps him at the office until after six.

A suburbanite suffers from the hot weather as much as any other human being until he discovers that it is half a degree cooler on his front porch than it is in the city, and then it can't get hot enough for him.

A suburbanite won't help his wife take the potato bugs off her potatoes because crawly things make him sick at his tummy, yet he will be able to brace

himself sufficiently to dig up and thrust into his pockets about a quart of worms when he wants to go fishing.

Bertram Bloch.

PRUE: How was the bathing at Fairport?

SUE: Not very daring.

The Pedestrian's Favorite Lines

"O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look."

(William Wordsworth.)

* * *

"No muscle I move
 As I lie at full length."

(Edgar Allan Poe.)

* * *

"The plague full swift goes by."

(Thomas Nashe.)

* * *

"God knows, I'm toss'd about."

(Robert Herrick.)

* * *

"I am the mark."

(Algernon Charles Swinburne.)

* * *

"He rose, he ran, he stoop'd, he clutch'd."

(William Brightly Rands.)

* * *

"O my God, I thank Thee that I live!"

(Alexander Smith.)

Observation

WHEN a woman buys a bargain she is so sure that she has done well that she shows it immediately to all her friends.

But when she acquires a husband, he has to be taken off on a honeymoon to be looked over and polished up before being displayed to the public at large.

NOW is the time when every golfer sows his wild oaths.



The Hyena: WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

The Goose: EXCUSE ME, I PREFER HISSING.

Foul Ball!

IT was the ending of the fifteenth inning. The score was three—three. The place was in one of those small towns in the South where they take their baseball seriously. It was so dark that the spectators, composed for the most part of hardy, bearded mountaineers, could barely make out the players. Big drops of rain pattered and spattered. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled and roared. From the little grandstand the crowd shouted for the umpire to call the game because of rain and darkness.

The home-town nine was at bat. The visiting pitcher, a tall, red-haired countryman, became nervous and passed the first two batters who faced him. The third one reached first base on an error. Two more batters came up and sent line drives to the catcher, each batsman killing hundreds of mosquitoes in his efforts to drive in the runners on the bases.

With two strikes and three balls on the batter, two men down, and the crowd on its toes waiting for the death-knell, the lanky pitcher decided to resort to strategy.



THE MORNING PAPER

WHEN THE FORESTS ARE GONE

He strolled forward to the catcher. There was a conference. It was decided that the pitcher should return to the box, wind up for a mighty and impressive delivery and pretend that he had thrown the ball right for the groove.

Returning to the mound, he gazed at

the runners on the bases, looked at the batter, wound up, and, apparently, let the ball go streaking like a bullet toward the pan.

"STRIKE THREE; BATTER'S OUT!" shouted the umpire.

The players started leaving the field; the crowd began filing toward the gate; and then the batter rushed out to the umpire.

"YOU FOOL, YOU!" he roared. "YOU'RE BLIND! HE HIT ME!"

W. C. Stouffer.

Dog-Day Digressions

IF Congress enacts a national divorce law, it should include among the grounds all bragging over motoring time made between Bryan, Ohio, and Goshen, Indiana.

There is enough scenery between Brownsville, Pennsylvania, and Hagerstown, Maryland, to ruin anybody's voice, if the rule of exclaiming over every view is followed. Sophisticated tourists take it easy until they get to Somerset.

The Creator never intended middle-aged women to wear khaki breeches.

In the prairie states the Last Chance has been succeeded by the Coffee Shoppe. This is thought to be due to progress.

McC. H.

The Same Thing

BETTY: Bobby Smith tried to kiss me.

MOTHER: And what happened?
"He kissed me."



The Park Jay: WE BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT YOU WERE NOT WITH US LAST SEASON, WERE YOU?



"GOODNESS, MR. BUMP, WHAT'S THE IDEA? TAKING THE SUN CURE?"

"NOPE. JEST SETTIN' HERE GITTIN' GOOD 'N' HOT SO'S I CAN REMEMBER IT NEXT WINTER."

From an Eyewitness

I AM very grateful indeed that it is within my humble power to settle the great question now before the American people, namely, Did Calvin Coolidge win the Boston police strike?

I was present on Boston Common at the time the strike took place. Mr. Coolidge was, as I now recall it, at the time either Governor or Chief of Police. Anyway, it was a bright, almost cloudless day. I went up to him and said as pleasantly as I could:

"Chief, have you, and you alone, settled the strike?"

He gazed at me fixedly for a moment and then replied:

"Be that as it may."

These words were indelibly impressed upon my mind. Mr. Coolidge was in dead earnest. I give this testimony of my own free will. Nobody has tried to coerce me.

(Signed) HENRY CABOT LODGE.

SUSAN: Is Jack's breakdown anything serious?

SUSANNE: Oh, no. The doctor only said his new cigarette-holder was too heavy for him.

LIFE'S Own Hero Fund

(For the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1924)

OTTO L. BLITZ, for having on January 14, at seven o'clock in the morning, given the porter on a Pullman sleeping-car twenty-five cents and asked him for fifteen cents change, received LIFE's Hero Fund Bronze Medal and a framed translation of the porter's words.

J. Walter Smith, for having on November 9, after having tried six bottles of Thatch Your Dome and become balder than ever, gone to the drug-store where he had bought the stuff and demanded his money back, received LIFE's Hero Fund Bronze Medal and a toupee during his lifetime.

Thomas Jefferson Muth, for having on April 28, after just trumping his partner's ace and thus losing five in no-trump doubled, smiled and said, "It's a nice night, isn't it, partner?" received LIFE's Hero Fund Silver Medal and fifty dollars to help him get out of the country.

Joseph E. Dill, for having on March 7, at 6:15 p. m., after digging for worms in the garden, gone to the bathroom and dried his hands on his wife's best guest towel, received LIFE's Hero Fund Gold Medal and three bottles of arnica and a crutch.

B. B.

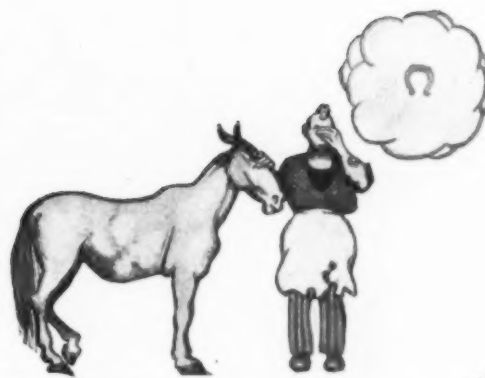
WE moderns have eyes for the movies, ears for the radio, a nose for news, and the personal touch. All that we lack is taste.



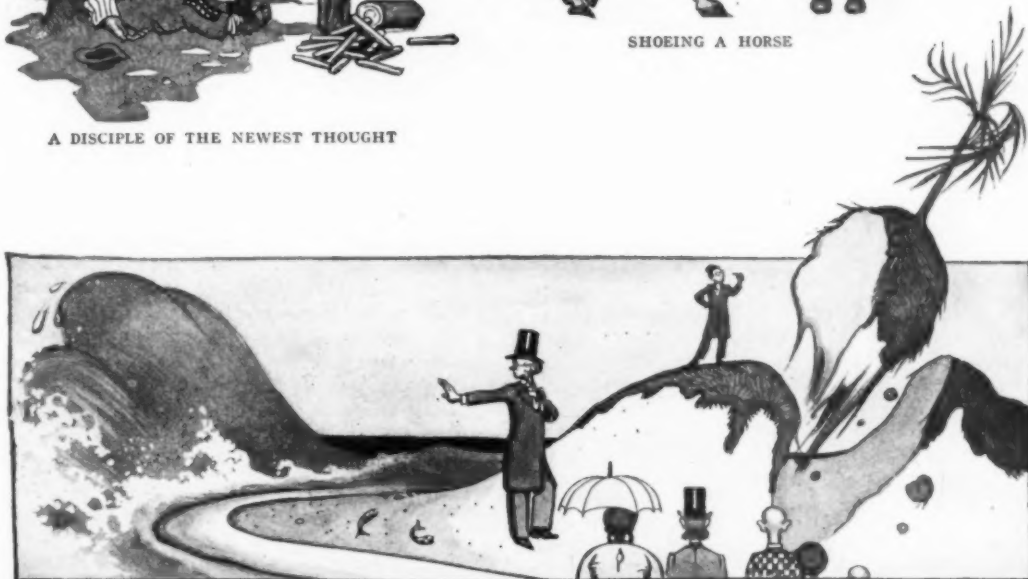
"COME ON, ETHEL, LET'S TAKE A SPORTING CHANCE! I CHOOSE THIS NICE BLACK ONE."



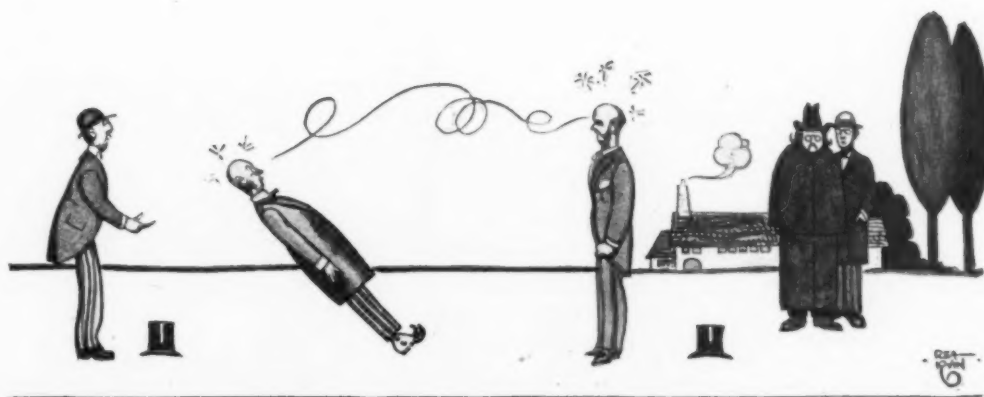
A DISCIPLE OF THE NEWEST THOUGHT



SHOEING A HORSE



DIGGING A CANAL



AN AFFAIR OF HONOR

MIND OVER MATTER



THE AVIATOR'S DOG

The Bigger Business Conference

AT last a League of Nations had been formed which really was founded on the principles of the brotherhood of man. Each nation had sent not its leading diplomats, but its leading business men to the great conference.

"Fellow world citizens," began Morris Cohen, America's great ready-made clothing manufacturer, "the chief obstacle to international co-operation in the past has been a failure to realize that we are all brothers."

"Yes, we are all brothers," commented Sam Lefkowitz, Russian hides merchant.

"Ja!" nodded Hans Blumenthal, German dyestuffs manufacturer.

"Oui!" conceded Irving Markel, French wine merchant.

"Si!" agreed Moses Salvani, Italian wholesaler.

"#\$%&!'" added Hashimura Levi, Japanese exporter.

"And now that we have come to a realization that we are really all brothers under the skin, we can map out a program which will assure goodwill among men and good business for all," the chairman continued.

"Positively!" chorused the delegates.

H. W.

DOROTHY (after Sunday School): Mother, was Methuselah the man who started "Never say die"?

To a Movie Heroine

AH! sweet and simple maid,
So tender and so fair;
So frail, yet unafraid,
So rare,

Wherein is found the strength
Protecting you from harm
Throughout a five-reel length
Of charm?

Such innocence as yours
'Mid Babylonian rout
By inward grace endures,
No doubt.

Or else, since I've been told
You've married quite a few,
The stuff men pull is old
To you.

J. K. M.

Lady Luck

THIS morning while waiting for the express I found a five-dollar bill. You can imagine my pleasure.

I felt quite happy as I bought aisle tickets for "They Say She Does," because finding money is just like finding it.

The extra five dollars enabled me to get one of those Panamas that tease the heavens into raining torrents just to show how they hold up under it.

On the way home, I noticed a sale of wonderful Malaccas at seven-fifty. I reflected that I had already spent my five, or a trifle more, but I reminded myself that the hat was something I really needed, so that in reality I still had the extra five. You should see my Malacca stick.

It didn't strike me till hours later that since a Sputz roadster was listed at \$1,005, my luck of the morning enabled me to get it for an even thousand. But it did. . . .

I'm somewhat worried about my expenditure for the day. Still, I was certainly lucky not to have found several thousand dollars.

Wayne G. Haisley.

MOST optimism is due to lack of observation; and so is most pessimism.



"PORT ARMS"

How the Quotations Really Originated

SCENE: *Forres. The Castle. A table of bridge.*

MACDUFF: No bid, partner?

LADY MACBETH (*sighing heavily*): No bid. *All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.*

* * *

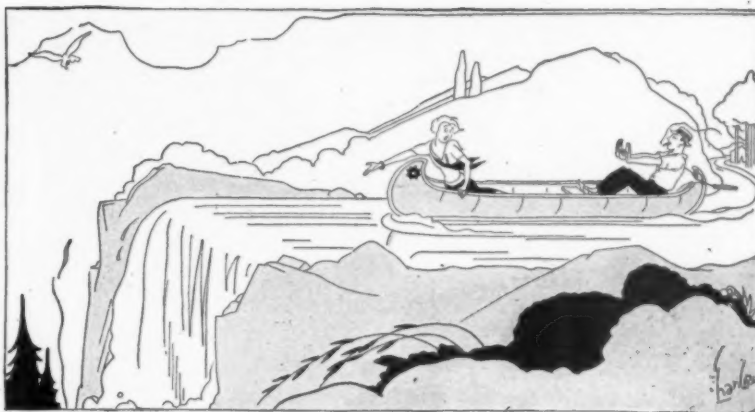
SCENE: *The House of Brutus.*

MRS. BRUTUS: We really ought to let the villa this summer, my lord.

BRUTUS: I have but little stomach for it.

MRS. BRUTUS: Those horrid Cascas let theirs last season, and see what a rent the envious Casca made.

H. W. H.



He: NOW DON'T GET EXCITED. I'VE SEEN IT IN THE MOVIES MANY TIMES, AND THEY NEVER GO OVER.

Losing Caste in Jonesville

ONE of my oldest customers is thinking of closing his house and taking an apartment in the New Byzantine Garden Courts," said the gray-haired traveling salesman to the fourth assistant manager in the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville. "He can't find a man to cut his lawn and trim his hedge. He wouldn't mind doing it himself for the exercise but his wife says they might as well move away from the New Serpentine Boulevard.

"When they lived over on Maple Street he used to get up at four in the morning to weed the garden but if he'd do that out on the New Serpentine the

neighbors coming home from the Country Club would see him and there is no telling what they'd say.

"So it looks like an apartment if he can't get help. The New Byzantine Courts are co-operative. The inmates co-operate to make the promoters rich. The plan has the old-fashioned ways of renting, or owning your home beaten. You buy the place and then pay rent for it too. He says he has figured out he could get a room and a bath in the New Byzantine for only nine times what it is costing him to live in his house and that would be cheap if it would make his wife happy."

McCready Huston.

Six of One

THE president of the oil company was driving along the highway. "Ah," he mused, "I see that America is at last waking up to the need for beautifying its roads. Everywhere—everywhere those hideous, disfiguring ad. signs are being taken down—and gas stations put in their places."

HUSBAND (*surveying garage bill*): We must get a new car, dear; we simply can't afford an old one.

THE man who falls in love but once is an egoist.



"THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE SOME DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THESE BUGS—BUT HANGED IF I CAN SEE IT."



"THESE SUMMER REVUES ARE ALL SO OBVIOUS."
"YES. IT ISN'T THE HEAT—IT'S THE BROMIDITY."

Character Outlines

"DELIGHTFUL man, my dear; the sort every wife believes married the wrong woman, an opinion his own wife enthusiastically concurs in."

"Not a grain of judgment. She expects one still to remember some of the situations in 'Flaming Youth'."

"I confess I never know whether I am more bored by what he has done last, or by what he proposes to do next."

"I am sure she will never quite forgive Queen Mary for not having done something to end her suspense about the Prince of Wales' matrimonial intentions."

"He drinks as though it were a vulgarity, instead of a mere crime."

"Her discussions of books sound like publishers' blurbs."

"Strange person, indeed. He makes the simplest gesture seem an affectation."

"Paris exists for women like her to stay away from."

"If a couple of Cardinals were to drive down Fifth Avenue in state robes, he'd be reminded of something that happened to a ditch-digger who gloried in red flannels."

"She never suggests anything without suggesting everything."

"He reeks of the nineteenth hole."

"The sort of woman one would be moved to pray for, if it weren't that she would be so humbly appreciative."

James K. McGuinness.

INNOCENT PUPIL (to teacher of physics): Why is it that when two people are walking in the moonlight there is only one shadow?

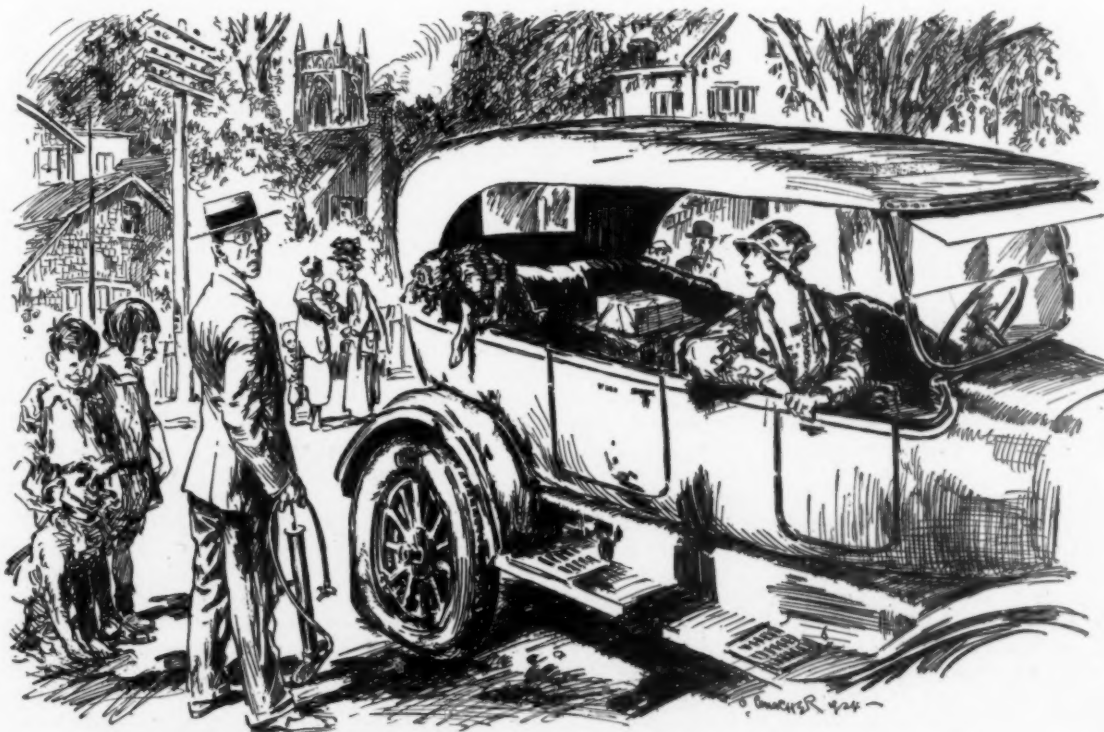


Absalom: I WISH TO HEAVEN I'D HAD IT BOBBED!

Musings of the Zoo Flappers

HATTIE HIPPOPOTAMUS: I'm going to cut out eating so many loaves of bread, so as to preserve my boyish silhouette; I'm determined not to become a barrel like Mommer!

WOMEN who have had babies, fireless cookers or major operations are never at a loss for conversation.



"Must you INFLATE YOUR TIRE here, EDWARD? I DETEST THE VERY AIR OF THIS PLACE!"



JULY 24, 1924

VOL. 84. 2177

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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WHAT is the lesson of the Democratic Convention? What was the reason of its protracted incapacity to make a choice? Mr. McAdoo's insistence on being the candidate had a good deal to do with it but there was more than that.

The estimate most prevalent as the Convention advanced in its third week was that it had been a fight between McAdoo and Big Business. Earlier in the Convention other things seemed to be considered—the League of Nations, the Klan and such matters; but as McAdoo's fight went on attention centered more and more on him and what he stood for, and what he was after.

Prohibition was not a visible issue. The Wets and the Drys do not agree about the details of what Prohibition should undertake, but their disparity of opinion had no effect of protracting the Convention. Klan and anti-Klan did not agree; but that fight in the light of further developments came to seem just a part of the general engagement, anti-Klan meaning really anti-McAdoo. On foreign policy there was agreement on essentials, and the main difference concerned what it was expedient to say. So far as the Tariff went, and that used to be an issue and is a good one this year, the Democrats had no trouble to get together.

A really strong candidate ought to be able to unite the party. Such a candidate the Democrats finally nominated. Mr. Davis is the best-equipped man their convention considered. He is a first-rate character and a first-rate mind. He has had wide and ample experience of affairs, belongs to no faction of his party, is obsessed with no rancors, has no old grudges to settle. It has been

objected to him that he has been a corporation lawyer. It is true; he has; and is by so much the better qualified to be at the head of the greatest corporation in the world. Mr. Davis is a first-class candidate. No wonder it cost his brethren such sweat, such groans, and 103 ballots to put him up.

No doubt it is always true that the candidates must heal differences of opinion in party ranks. In that politics is like war. There never could be agreement among a lot of men as to how a war should be conducted. There has to be a General to whom the job must be left.



NOW that the Convention has quit and its results are being estimated, there is much to say about Mr. McAdoo, but there will be little difference of opinion that he made a tremendous fight and showed notable generalship and staying power.

He had been scolded in New York, especially by the *World*, while the Convention was going on, but that may be considered as part of the knock-down and drag-out of a political battle. More lasting and dispassionate will be the discussion whether it is lawful for a man to set his heart so completely on being President of the United States, and to back his wish with such elaborate efforts and preparations.

There is no doubt that Mr. McAdoo is an able man; but is he too ambitious, dangerously ambitious? Does he want to write his name across the United States as he did on all the railroad tickets? Is he overeager for credit, for renown, for power? What is his first motive: is it the service of the

people or mere glory for McAdoo? Is he a true patriot or a man on horse-back?

In its details his campaign seemed tawdry. The papers spoke of him as "the Californian." He is very little more a Californian than Governor Smith is. Plainly enough he picked out California as a better State for a Democratic candidate to hail from than New York, and went out there to live.

Well, that was not wrong; and his putting on of cowboy clothes and attributes was not wrong, but Mr. McAdoo is no cowboy. He has seemed like a man playing a part. So at times seemed Roosevelt. Still one may say it was all well calculated. He would have gone through, hands down, if it had not been for Doheny and the oil. Then one remembers that man proposes but the disposition of things is elsewhere. What McAdoo has really stood for has been defiance of the money power. Mr. Davis may not think the money power needs to be defied, but no one better understands than he how to handle it.



LA FOLLETTE will run for President. We all know as much as that, but some careful students of politics and economics who have tried to find out what he will represent complain that he is vague.

But one thing that he is for is plain, and it is the main thing. He wants to get enough votes to prevent either of the great parties from electing its candidate. For that, it is probably enough that he is La Follette, for that serves a-plenty to advertise his party as a Cave of Adullam to which the dissatisfied may gather. When the action of the Democratic Convention has been digested, La Follette will get more notice.

SURELY it ought to be that Presidents should be exempt from private griefs during their term of office. The burdens of that great office are enough without adding anything of private bereavement. Everybody is sorry for the President and Mrs. Coolidge. They have had a hard blow. Everybody wishes they might have been spared it.

E. S. Martin.



VAMPED



Something Went Wrong



What's Wrong With the Hold-up

The Anti-Salon League

PEOPLE ask you to do strange things sometimes. My niece, Millicent, called me up one day and said, "I want you to be a good boy and come with me to Mrs. Gasper's."

"Mrs. Gasper's?"

"Mrs. Gasper has a *salon* and it's very edifying. All sorts of clever people do things."

"It sounds terrible," I pleaded. "Don't make me do it."

So we went and I was duly presented to Mrs. Gasper.

The program was opened by a Mr. Serge Shereshefsky, who sang a cycle of Ukranian folk-songs accompanied by Mme. Kashva on the *santova*, an instrument corresponding to the Peruvian *cochilla* except that it carries three extra bass strings on an outrigger in the manner of the Lithuanian *horpslöv* or *vir*.

Those of the guests who understood Ukranian applauded.

Then Mrs. Gasper arose and introduced Mrs. Ivy Singleton-Morse, a most formidable person with a plush look.

Mrs. Singleton-Morse, it appeared, would read her own, in a manner of speaking, poetical, one-act *quattrocento* morality drama entitled, "The Bean Gatherer of Padua."

I leaned over to Millicent. "These people," I said, "may not be clever but they are certainly doing things."

The next number I may not be able to report with absolute accuracy. It was given by a thin English girl who had come all the way from Brompton Road to supplant jazz by the songs and ballads of the Elizabethan era.

She was intensely alive, using her eyes and teeth and angular arms with telling effect. Her first number ran, as I recall it, as follows:

"It happened on St. Martin's Day;
With a hey down willy wallow,
There came a maid to Prior's Bay,
With a hey down willy wallow.

"For she was just from the county gaol;
With a hey down willy wallow,
Which made her look uncommon pale,
With a hey down derry down."

Quaint was the only word for it. Her next was just a madrigal, the sort we all have known since childhood:



"I WISH WE COULD HAVE GONE ABROAD THIS SUMMER."

"WE DON'T NEED TO."

"WHY NOT?"

"FATHER'S GOT A NEW BOOTLEGGER."

"Strephon pipes—Fal lal la!
Spring is here—Fal lal la!
Days and nights in turn appear.
Fal la!
The tabor's sound—Fal lal la!
By budding brake—Fal lal la!
Maketh Chloë shimmy-shake.
Fal la!"

in the eye, "I'll get even with you if it takes the rest of my life."

I hailed a taxi.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"To the Poultry Show," I said as I pushed my niece in.

Rollin Kirby.

Unlisted

By this time I was a babbling idiot. I seized Millicent by the arm. Mrs. Gasper was at the door.

"Thank you," smiled Millicent, "for a most charming evening."

"Mrs. Gasper," said I, looking her

IN connection with the recent explosion on the battleship Mississippi all the newspapers published lists of other disasters occurring in our Navy. Oddly enough, none of these lists contained a reference to Denby.

Lines for "Poetry-in-the-Home" Week

SAFETY WEEK was a noble week,
And a week of high endeavor,
When I said to myself: "Be safe, be safe,
And let who will be clever,"
But that was the week I tried my luck,
Catch-as-catch-can, with a five-ton truck.

Prune Week was a thrilling week,
A nourishing week, forsooth,
But that was the week a prune's proud pit
Clashed with a fragile tooth;
And my last good scarfpin went in pawn
With Save-and-Have Week not yet gone.

Music Week was as vital a week
As any that I have known,
But that was the week the neighbors' boy
Purchased 'a saxophone,
Which he played both *presto* and *con amore*
Till Silence Week was a twice-told story.

Yet I shall go on observing Weeks,
And sounding their endless praise;
I'll even do better, I'll toss my hat
In favor of various Days!
With me it's not the results they bring—
It's just the Principle of the Thing.

Stoddard King.



DEVICE FOR PULLING UP THE GARTER WITHOUT STOOPING

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July
22nd

Awake betimes, distraught to my wits' end by a foreign particle under my eyelid. I tried to be-think me of the Spartan lad with the fox in his jacket, and grew all a-twitter because I could not recall where and why he was in such a predicament. To the

shelves to refresh my memory, where, pondering that I have forgot most of my mythology also, I did search in vain for Bulfinch's Age of Fable. So, since I am forbidden to eat aught on Thursday save the juice of six oranges, and am therefore in need of whatever diversion offers, to the shops to buy another, and as I was browsing over the first counter a simpering saleswoman approached me and asked, Are you interested in books? whereto I retorted, No! as sharply as I dared, which I secretly regretted, but, Lord! why is it that one must call upon the aisle man for service in departments where one wants it and is literally besieged in those where one doesn't? I dare say I had been more gentle had I breakfasted. I have never comprehended the quip, Some one must have been feeding him meat, spoken of one whose behaviour is churlish, forasmuch as an empty stomach robs me not only of my serenity, but almost of my philosophy. Thence to the jeweler's, to leave my silver earring to

(Continued on page 28)



WORTH CONSIDERING

"I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO DISCHARGE THE HOUSEMAID, HENRY. SHE AND THE CHILDREN DON'T GET ON TOGETHER."

"THAT'S TOUGH LUCK. WE COULDN'T DISCHARGE THE CHILDREN, COULD WE?"



THE POLO COAT AND VEST



"MOTHER, CHARLES AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED THIS AFTERNOON, SO CAN I HAVE ON MY NEW DRESS?"

The Voices

("The heart of the great American public beats true. In our dealings with other nations we have ever been fair; in this present crisis our national voice cries aloud and insistently for justice to all humanity."—From a speech by Senator Blah.)

FATHER PUBLIC: I see those dam' foreigners are kickin' again. Don't know why we put up with it. If I was in Washington, I'd show 'em; pack the fleet off and let 'em argue with that.

MOTHER PUBLIC: I'm sure I don't want war with any one, but I suppose you know best, Paw. Some one has to put those foreigners in their place, I guess.

ELDER BROTHER PUBLIC: It's the bunk.

FATHER PUBLIC: What's the bunk?

ELDER BROTHER PUBLIC: War's the bunk.

FATHER PUBLIC (bitingly): I guess you know better than the men at Washington, don't you?

ELDER BROTHER PUBLIC (languidly): I guess I do about war. I was in one.

FATHER PUBLIC: You've lost your patriotism since you came out.

ELDER BROTHER PUBLIC (still languidly): Oh, I dunno! I can afford to be patriotic. I'm over the draft age now.

YOUNGER BROTHER PUBLIC: Well, I guess we could knock off those foreigners if we got a chance. There's plenty left could show 'em something if they're lookin' for trouble.

SISTER PUBLIC (sighing): The boys used to look so dashing in their uniforms.

FATHER PUBLIC: I'm glad there's some patriotism left in this family. Some one's got to put those foreigners in their places or where will we all be? I'd tell 'em if I was in Washington. "Take it, or leave it," I'd say to 'em,

"but don't forget your Uncle Sam is still there with an army and navy of regular, fighting he-men."

MOTHER PUBLIC: I'm sure you know best, Paw.

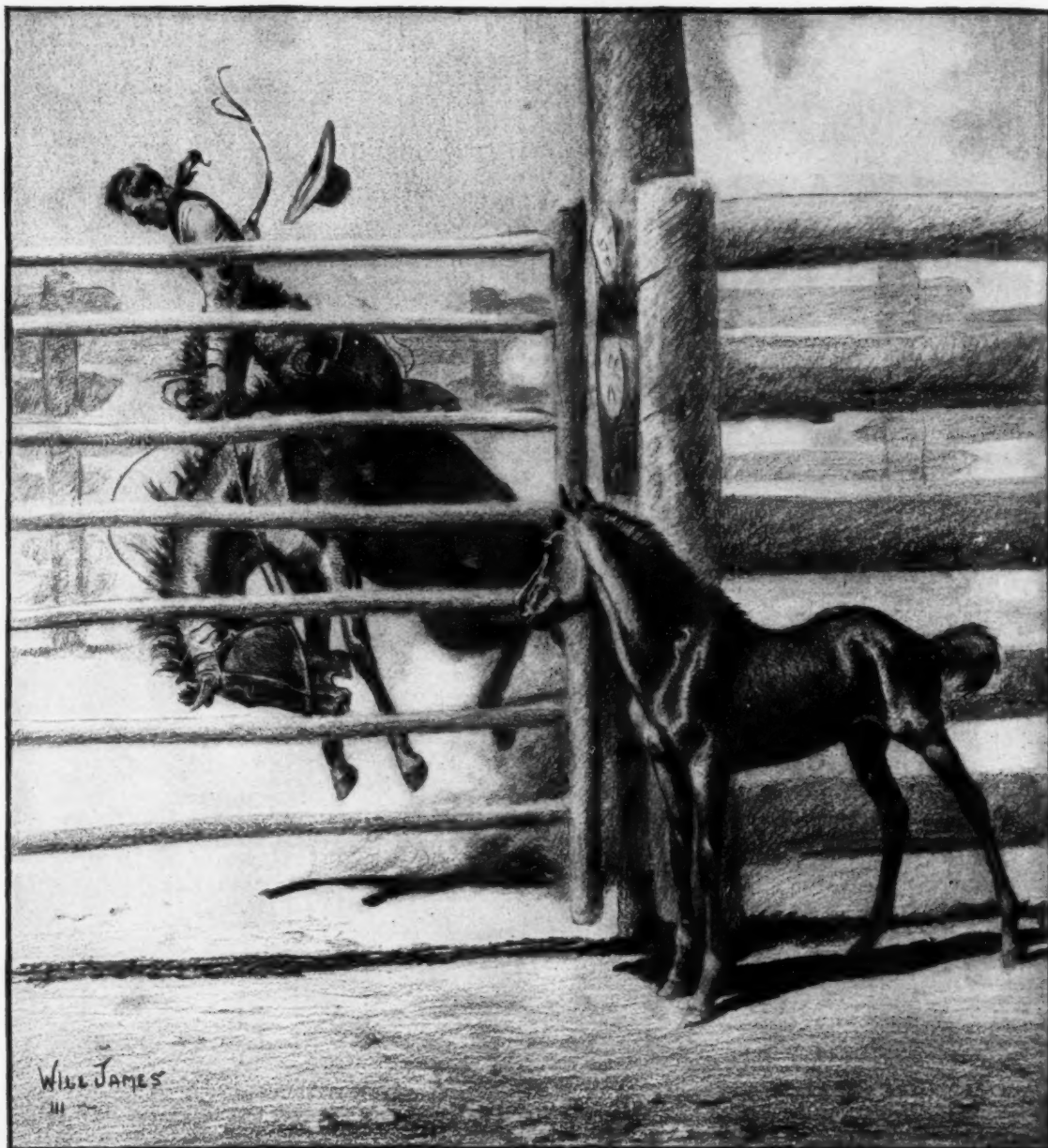
ELDER BROTHER PUBLIC (indolently): I'm going to run down the street and get a late paper. I want to see the baseball scores.

James K. McGuinness.



The Old Crab: YOUNG LADY, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO TAUGHT YOU TO DRIVE.

She: THE TRAFFIC COPS.



"HE STUDIED UNDER OLD MASTERS"

The Ups and Downs of Married Life

"WELL, of all things!" said little Mr. McCaffrey as he entered the flat and found his wife on her hands and knees, with her head resting on the floor. "What's the big idea, anyway?"

"Shh!" returned Mrs. McCaffrey. "They're having a fight downstairs."

"Seems to me," lemon-squeezed the husband, "if they'd cut it out once in a while, I wouldn't be getting my supper an hour late every night!"

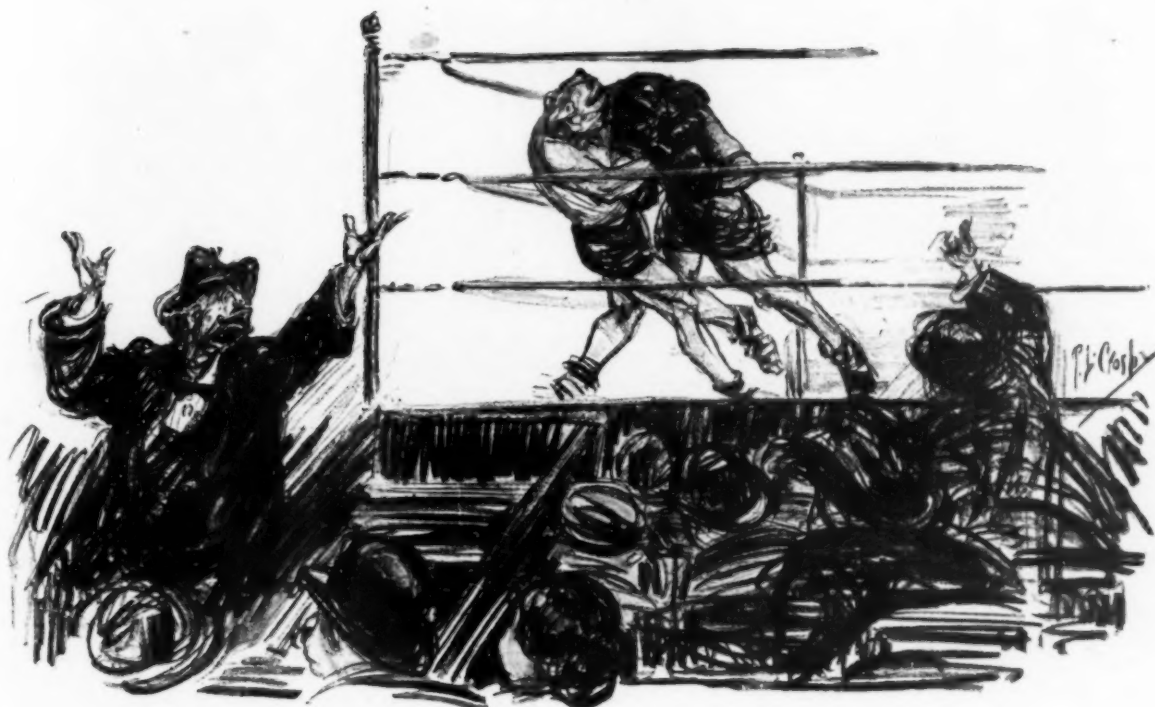
He was about to duck for the nearest closet, when a swing from Mrs. McCaffrey's fist sent him toppling over the baby's kiddie-coop.

"Better cut it out now, Joe!" said the woman downstairs. "The people upstairs are knocking."

Percy Crosby.

BETH: How many servants do you keep?

RUTH: One coming, and one going.



Fan: EIGHT ROUN'S O' NUTTIN' BUT RING-O'-ROSY!
Fighter: TO YOU I SUPPOSE A GOLD TOOTH MEANS NOTHIN'.

The Square Root of Pie

ONCE upon a time there was a girl who married a man who had been married before. According to him, his first wife had been a paragon of all the virtues, but far and beyond everything had been her skill in baking. Her pies were beyond compare.

Now, the second wife loved her husband and she desired in every way to make him happy, and since the mention of pie made his eyes light up, she set to work to bake one for him.

It was a good pie, brown and crisp, with a thin, flaky crust, but alas! it was eaten in silence and with no more than toleration.

The second wife bit her lip and tried again—with the same result. And so it went, attempt after attempt failing to meet the standard set by the lamented first wife.

Then, one day, the second wife, having played bridge until it was too late to prepare a dessert for dinner, hurried home, very much

ashamed of herself. On the way she stopped at a bakery, and because her mind was on the prize she might have won in the last hand, she bought a pie—just a cheap factory-made pie, clammy within and stiff without, and heavily disguised with spices.

Still not realizing what she was doing, she served that pie! Only when her husband exclaimed aloud did she

understand what she had done. She was ready to faint, but halted half-way when her husband cried out:

"At last, my dear, you've succeeded in baking the kind of pie I'm used to!"

Moral: The early bird sets the fashion.
Bertram Bloch.

Discharged!

MAGISTRATE: The officer says you were going forty miles an hour.

SUBURBANITE: I was, Your Honor. I had just received word from an employment agency that they had found a cook for me who was sure to stay at least two months.

MAGISTRATE (*who also lives in the country*): Officer, give this gentleman my machine. It does sixty.

"THIS," said Lucrezia Borgia, as she squeezed the fruit of the deadly nightshade into a victim's drink, "is certainly the berries."



Barber: A LITTLE HAIR TONIC, MADAM? I SEE A SLIGHT BALD SPOT BACK HERE.



Skippy: HOW ARE THEY TREATIN' YA OVER ON THE MAGNOLIAS?

Jimmy: OH, SO, SO!
"I THINK YA'D BE HAPPIER WITH US ORIOLES!"
"OH, I DUNNO! I DUNNO!"



Skippy: WOULD YA COME OVER WITH US ORIOLES IF I GETCHA A CONTRACT—WOULD YA, NOW?

"UGH! UH! NOT ME!"
"WHY, JIMMY, YOU ACT AS IF US ORIOLES AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH. WHY, A NICER, TOUGHER CROWD NEVER TURNED OUT ON A LOT. BESIDES, HALF THE TEAM'S OLD MAN AIN'T WORKIN'."



Skippy: LISTEN, JIMMY! I NEED YA! IT'S MY CANNON BALL WOT WORRIES ME. NOBODY C'N HOLD IT BUT YOU! OH, JIMMY! WOT A BATTERY WE'D MAKE! WILL YA SIGN UP? "NIX! I'D ONLY SIGN UP WID DE BIG LEAGUES, 'N' EVEN DEN DEY'D HAVE TO TALK ME LANGWIDGE 'N' DAT'S TOIKEY."



Skippy: LISTEN, JIMMY! C'N IT BE NO HARM JUST TO MAKE OUT A CONTRACT TO SHOW YA? I ASK YA THAT—JUST TO SHOW YA? CAN THAT BE NO HARM? HOW DO YOU SPELL YOUR NAME?
"J-I— LET'S SEE! J-I, J-I— AW, I C'N WRITE IT EASIER 'N' SPELL!"



Skippy: OH, MY! IF I ONLY HAD THAT ON THE ORIOLE STATIONERY, I'D HANG IT IN THE PARLOR!



Jimmy: WELL, I'LL HAVE TO BID YEZ ADIOSE!
Skippy: THIS TOWN'LL NEVER TURN OUT ANOTHER BALL PLAYER LIKE JIMMY! OH! WHAT A BATTERY WE'D MAKE! WHAT A BATTERY!



"'N' HOW HE C'N WHIP 'EM DOWN TO SECOND! OH! WHY AIN'T HE AN ORIOLE?"



Skippy: HEY, JIMMY! JIMMY! IF YA SIGN UP US ORIOLES 'LL HAVE OUR PITCHERS TOOK! BEAUTIFUL SLIPPERY PITCHERS! JUST LOVELY!
"NAH! I'M HOLDIN' OUT FER DE BIG LEAGUES—THE T'OUSAND A YEAR!"



Skippy: I'VE GOT IT! HE'S WORTH IT, THOUGH! YES, SIR! EVEN IF I HAVE TO PAY IT OUTA MY OWN POCKET!



I Agree to KATCH for THE ORIOLES for a peeriod of 100 YEARS for 5 marbles a week and a CHAWKLET SODA NOW And then so help me if this Aint A CONTRAK
Jimmy Mc guiness.

Skippy: I'M SURE JIMMY'LL BE VERY, VERY HAPPY WITH US ORIOLES. TEN TO ONE HE'LL BE IN STITCHES HALF THE TIME WITH THE RIDDLE-CRACKIN' THAT GOES ON!

Skippy



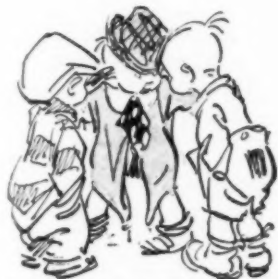
Shippy: WHO DO YA THINK'S AN ORIOLE? WHO DO YA THINK'S AN ORIOLE?
"PRESIDENT COOLIDGE!"
"JIMMY MCGUINNNESS!"
"NO! REALLY?"



Shippy: I GOT HIM SIGNED UP FOR TWO YEARS.
"S'HELP ME IF THAT DON'T KNOCK THE MAGNOLIAS FOR A ROW OF ROLLIN' BUTTER TUBS!"



Shippy: HEY, SYKSEY! YA OUGHTA HEAR WOT I GOT TO TELL YA!
"OH, SYKSEY! WAIT TILL YA HEAR IT!"



Shippy: NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET UP A COMMITTEE TO ASK HIS FAMILY TO MOVE NEAR THE DIAMOND.
"GEE, SKIPPY! HOW DO YA THINK UP SUCH WONDERFUL THINGS?"
"OH, I DUNNO! THEY JUST COME."



Syksey: A CONTRACT AIN'T NO GOOD UNLESS A LAWYER SEES IT, SKIPPY.
"I 'TENDED TO ALL THAT! IT'S WROTE ON A LAWYER'S FENCE."



Shippy: 'N' AS SOON AS HE ONCE STEPS ON THE DIAMOND, FELLERS—GIVE HIM A CHEER!
Orioles: WHEN C'N WE PULL OUR RIDDLES?



Orioles: ONLY LAST NIGHT MY MOTHER SQUINTS AT ME TEACUP 'N' SEZ, "DO YEZ KNOW ANYBODY WHOSE 'NITIALS BEGINS WID G?"—LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I WUZ A BOID!—SEE! IT JUST GOES TO SHOW THERE'S SOMETHIN' IN THIS FORTUNE TELLIN'.—HEY, JOE! COME QUICK!



Shippy: WHO SIGNED UP JIMMY MCGUINNNESS?
Orioles: YOU DID!
Shippy: WHO?
Orioles: SKIPPY! SKIPPY! SKIPPY!
Shippy: 'AT'S THE STUFF, FELLERS!



Shippy

I Agree to KATCH FOR THE ORIOLES
For a peeriod of 100 YEARS FOR 5 marbles
a week and a CHAWKLET SODA NOW!
AND THEN SO help me if this Aint
A CONTRAK.

MEH!..EH!
EH!..EH..EH!
EH!..EH..EH!
EH!..EH..EH!





Our Jack

EQUIPPED with Valentino hair, Gloria Swanson eyebrows and Mac Murray lips, Jack Dempsey has made his film debut in a series of two-reel pictures entitled, "Fight and Win."

It isn't really a debut, for Jack Dempsey has played a prominent rôle in at least three feature pictures in the past. One dealt in a graphic way with his acquisition of the heavyweight title over the bulky but recumbent form of Jess Willard, while the others described his heroic defense of America's crown against two invaders, Carpentier of France and Firpo of the Argentinian pampas.

In "Fight and Win," however, Dempsey is compelled to do considerably more than his usual stuff; jumping from the realm of harsh realities to the world of make-believe, he actually has to act. Be it recorded that he acts well.

In one scene, he impersonates the challenger for the championship, and engages in a ludicrous battle with another actor. In the course of this engagement, Jack simulates distress with rare skill. Time and again, he falls down heavily and takes the count of nine—only to rise blindly to his feet and step cheerfully into another series of left jabs. This portion of his performance he must have learned from a close study of Luis Angel Firpo in the ring at the Polo Grounds last summer. Certainly, few people have seen him do this before—on the screen or off.

Nevertheless, in spite of Dempsey's masterly work, the spectators can never quite achieve the necessary illusion. Every one knows perfectly well that Jack could knock his obstreperous opponent clear out of the moving

picture industry whenever the director felt like giving the word.

THESE "Fight and Win" pictures are well done, and are generally entertaining. It does seem, though, that the producers could have struggled along without attempting to build up Jack Dempsey's nose. After all, no one expects a prizefighter to spend ten years in the ring and escape without visible marks of combat. Somebody must have landed.

"Those Who Dance"

THE early reels of "Those Who Dance" are a trifle alarming to those of us who still believe that the stuff we are getting for sixty dollars a case is genuine imported stock which "came right off a ship." In a series of horrible episodes, we are shown the curse of drink, and are driven to the conviction that all alcohol is wood.

After this propaganda has been delivered, "Those Who Dance" resolves itself into an unusually exciting melodrama of the old school. It makes no pretensions to artistic merit, but it does thrill.

Lambert Hillyer, the director, again

demonstrates his undeniable flair for melodramatic construction, and his cast is an exceptionally good one. Particularly praiseworthy is the performance of Bessie Love, an actress who has been submerged for years in drab orphan rôles. Miss Love has waited altogether too long for recognition; if she doesn't get it now, then there is no justice in Hollywood.

"Unguarded Women"

LURKING behind the non-committal title, "Unguarded Women," is a moderately interesting picture.

It is a story of the foreign colony in China, and of a young war widow who attempts to lose herself in the local atmosphere of Oriental degradation. She is rescued from the gutter by her deceased husband's old buddy, but even he cannot erase the bitter memories which assail her, and she goes to the altar of a Buddhist deity to die.

The story has been set forth in a consecutive and coherent manner, its backgrounds are well designed, and it is skilfully played in its two principal parts by Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix.

But why "Unguarded Women"?

"The Code of the Wilderness"

ONE more Western—that is about all that can be said for "The Code of the Wilderness." It presents all the usual elements in the usual manner with the usual results.

Contrary to popular opinion, there is no highbrow prejudice against Western melodramas in this department. There is, however, violent and unrelenting opposition to films, whatever their classification, that are written and produced with a rubber stamp. Robert E. Sherwood.



JACK DEMPSEY IN "FIGHT AND WIN"

Free Air—and Gas

TUBBY CARTER invited me to spend a week-end down at his place in the country. "What you need," said Tubby, "is a real breath of fresh country air."

When I arrived, I found Tubby laid out on a couch. He had all the windows closed and a fire going.

"What's the idea?" I asked him.

"What idea?" said Tubby. His naïveté was so genuine, I hadn't the heart to explain. I merely opened a few windows. Then I tried a new tack.

"Your garden needs working," I said.

"Go ahead and work it," invited Tubby. I found a pair of hoes and dragged Tubby off the couch. Suppressing a groan, he followed me. Tubby is a perfect host, I'll say that for him. His guest's word is law.

Would you believe it, Tubby didn't know beans about working a garden. But I put him right, and kept him at it until the mosquitoes mounted guard for the evening. Then we knocked off.

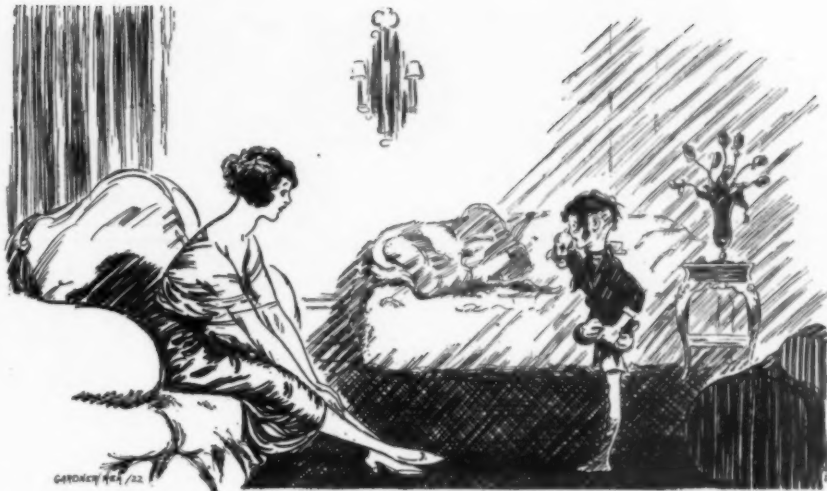
"Never did a thing like that in my life," muttered Tubby. He fell asleep over the dessert.

At breakfast next morning, the clear piping of a bird came over the lawn.

"Know what that is?" I asked.

"It's a bird," replied Tubby intelligently. "Some sort of a robin, probably."

"Tubby," said I, "you amaze me.



"HEAVENS, DEAR! WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER? HAVE YOU BEEN FIGHTING?"
"OH, NO, MOTHER; IT WAS JUST A GAME. THE GANG ON THE CORNER WERE PLAYING WAR, AND THEY SAID IF I'D JOIN THEM THEY'D LET ME BE A DREADNAUGHT, AND I HAD A LOT OF FUN FOR A WHILE, BUT THEN THEY CHANGED INTO AIRPLANES AND PROVED I WAS OBSOLETE."

Some sort of a robin, indeed! That's a scarlet tanager, *Piranga rubra*, otherwise known as a black-winged redbird. How you can live all the year in this glorious country and know nothing about it is beyond me. I'm going to take you for a walk and enlighten you a bit."

This time Tubby didn't manage to suppress the groan. He had a rather tough time of the last two miles or so, but I managed to pull him through. After luncheon I proposed golf.

"I don't play," said Tubby with a faint smile.

"All right," I said, "we'll finish the garden." Tubby didn't wait up for dinner that evening.

When I left for the city, Tubby was reclining on his couch. All the windows were closed and the fire was going. He waved me a feeble adieu with a wan hand. "Hope you enjoyed yourself," he said, "but, frankly, this is my idea of existence."

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Do you spend your entire time like this—lying around with the windows closed and a fire going?"

"Pretty much of it," said Tubby, "a good deal of it...yes, I might say practically all of it."

"But what's the point of living away down here, year in, year out?"

"The country air," said Tubby, pulling up the rug. "It's wonderful!"

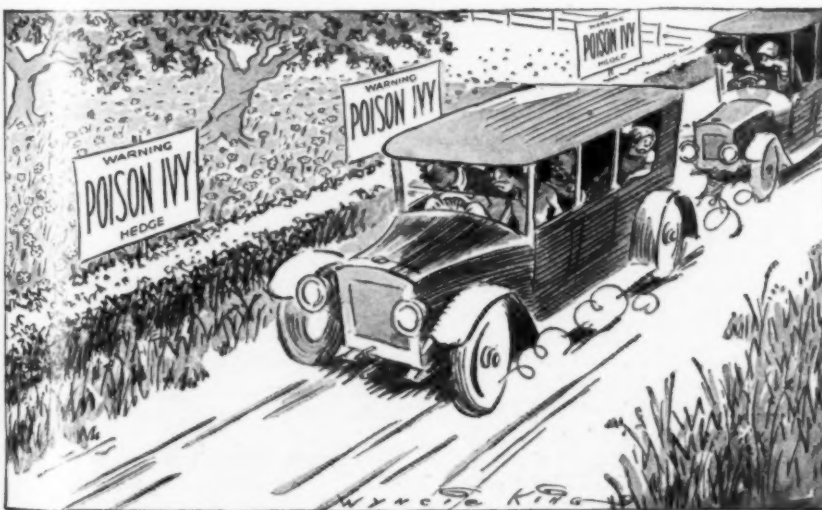
Henry William Hanemann.

"What Goes Up Must Come Down"

STOCKS.

Temperatures.
Prices.
Elevators.
Airships.
Hopes.

THE Battle Hymn of the Republic—
Kill the umpire!



THE FARMER OUT ON WILDFLOWER LANE GAINED A WIDE REPUTATION FOR MEANNESS

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(Continued on page 31)



THE REALIST

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 19)

be mended, and on the way I did behold a great sale of crystal and colored beads going forward, which put me in mind of the South Sea islands, where I so often long to flee from the bugbears of civilization. The Samoans may be found wanting in plumbing and rapid transit, but at least they are not forced, upon occasion, to balance a teacup whilst telling a perfect stranger what they think of The Show-Off.

July
23rd

Breakfasted early on a boiled egg and a tomato, and then fell to making a new bag out of the handsome brocade I found last week, even though I did read in Vanity Fair that to carry aught but a flat purse these days is as heinous a crime as to show one's ears, but I shall leave that kink of fashion to those who have not handsome old silver bag-tops like mine....To the Bannings' for dinner, and my husband, poor wretch, being on a diet and fearful that the menu would not coincide with his

list, did take along two artichoke hearts. We found William Hurlbut there and Marge Boothby; and Billy, full of the Ouspensky book he is reading, fell a-talking of the fourth dimension, interestingly enough, too, Sam sitting spellbound, but Lord! I cannot see the point of indulging in such difficult speculation, and what difference does it make to me whether or not I penetrate the circumference of an orange if I want to put my finger into the middle of it? So I manoeuvred them into cards as adroitly as possible, gaining seven dollars, too, but Sam, when we stood to leave, did demand from the kitchen the artichoke heart he hadn't eaten, to take it home, stating that they did not grow on bushes, and I professed to a great shame that he should admit in public, after all that metaphysical harangue, that his mind was essentially on his stomach.

Baird Leonard.

Tears, Busy Tears

NED: Do you always do what your wife says?

TED: No, only what she cries.



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INTENSIFYING INDIVIDUALITY WITH SUBTLE CHARM





The End of a Perfect Day

The prospective diner in one of Houston's open-air restaurants obviously had not been combating the heat with ice water. The waiter handed him the menu and inquired what he would have.

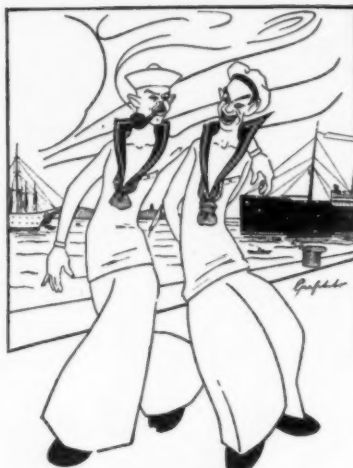
After prolonged juggling, he adjusted a pair of shell-rimmed glasses, squinted his eyes and blinked in an intense effort to decipher the card, which he was holding upside down. Finally he turned to the waiter with a smile of limitless good humor.

"Son," he commanded, "bring me a shrimp cocktail, a package of firecrackers and a watermelon."—*Houston Post*.

Concentration

FRIEND: But your house has no view.
HOST (of week-end party): That doesn't matter; all our guests play bridge.
—*Boston Transcript*.

PROSPECTIVE COOK (to mistress): An' 'ow many days o' the week will yer be wantin' meals?—*London Opinion*.



NOCTURNE

"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE BLACK SEA?"

"SURE—IN CADIZ."

"IN CADIZ?"

"SURE—EVERY NIGHT."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

Ole Benjy Brown

June she's come to rights,
Rose an' star an' dew;
Couples court o' nights,
Walkin' two-an'-two;
An' ole Benjy Brown
He sits him at "The Crown"
An' lights of his tobacco pipe an' gives
his beer a sup;
An' he says, says he, to me,
"Tis a funny thing to see,
As Junetide follows Junetide, how the
boys shoots up.

"See, there's young Bill Rigg
That his best scarf knots,
He wasn't so big
Not as two quart pots
Just tother day, not him;
Now he's hop-pole high, the limb!
An' he takes a wench a-walkin' when the
stars come powderin' through,
When a kiss be easy had
By a fine up-standin' lad,—
If the maids be like their grannies an'
the lads like one I knew!"
—*Punch*.

Alacrity

"Can you spell 'avoid,' Jakey?"

"Sure, teacher. Vot is der void?"

—*American Legion Weekly*.

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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be uncomfortable in your preference, though it may be for the least expensive or the least pretentious of all brands.

The Reedsdale Cigarette is not presented to alienate the affections of those happily cigarette-wedded. Rather it is offered to the shifting on-and-off smoker who hasn't yet found the cigarette made for him.

It is a little different; it is made of the choicer tobaccos, expertly blended; it is packed in a new and improved pocket container; it is liked by many smokers of sophisticated taste.

There is more than an even chance of your liking the Reedsdale, and, if you are not entirely satisfied with your present brand, or its package, we think you will find it worth a trial.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Lyricitis

A poet who wished to escape from a creditor
Applied to a newspaper's managing editor,
Who threw all his poetry into the sewer,
And made him the paper's dramatic reviewer.

But rhymes fight
Before they're slain.
These ran at night
Through the poet's brain:

Fay Bainter,
Ethel Barrymore,
Eleanor Painter,
Francine Larrimore,
Arnold Daly,
Tyrone Power,
Barnum and Bailey,
Margaret Mower,
Blossom Seeley,
Leatrice Joy,
Janet Velie,
Gloria Foy,
John Drew,
Sam White,
Augustus Pitou,
Percival Knight,
Marc Connelly,
Rachel Crothers,
Dorothy Donnelly,
The Four Marx Brothers,
Fred Stone,
Ted Shawn,
Madame Simone,
Hazel Dawn.

These lyrical strains
Gave the poet the blues;
So he blew out his brains,
And stuck to reviews.

—Arthur Kober, in *Theatre Chats*.

In a Pinch, use **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

Fire!

The fire bells of a Hoosier city sounded, and two fire wagons dashed down the main street of the town right into the heart of the retail district.

"Some store must be on fire," began the first pedestrian.

The second raised his eyebrows. "Is it possible," he began, "that business is that bad?"—*Indianapolis News*.

The Follies Girl at Home

"Lend you ten dollars, Midge? But I thought you were fixed."

"Not for a while yet. This year's breach of promise suit is dragging horribly."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

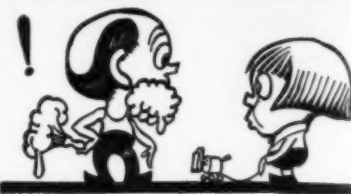
Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

At Doctors' Offices?

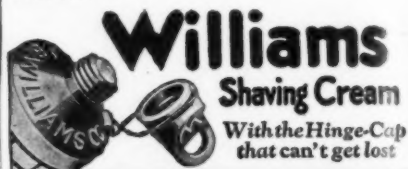
Local ad.—"Wanted, a boy to deliver magazines about twelve years old."

—*Boston Transcript*.

WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK



father why does hair grow on your face and not on your head father put down his Williams Shaving Cream wallace he said no grass grows on such busy places as Fifth Avenue o I know father because it is concrete but father did not answer



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Mr. Twitter Is Right

SCENE: *The sitting-room of Mr. Twitter's house. Frederick is reading the evening paper as his wife gazes absently into space, a closed book in her lap. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Grinnell, rocks in the offing.*

MRS. TWITTER (*thoughtfully*): Dear, dear! I do wish I had a better memory.

MRS. GRINNELL (*addressing no one in particular*): Some women with a husband like Fred would be glad of a chance to forget.

MR. TWITTER (*as if no one but his wife had spoken*): Why, what's the idea, Emmy?

MRS. TWITTER: I've been trying to think which King Charles of France it was that was called "Charles the Fool" and when he died.

MR. TWITTER (*feeling rather pleased with himself*): It was Charles the Third and he died in 929.

MRS. TWITTER (*paying scarcely any attention to his remark*): It's a shame we haven't any histories in our library. Really we must get some, Fred. (*More to herself than any one else.*) Dear! I can't stand it. I MUST find out. Helen Luffaker would know. She's always up on things like that.

MR. TWITTER (*becoming a little piqued*): But I've already told you! Charles the Third—929.

MRS. GRINNELL: Hmpff!

MRS. TWITTER (*rising and walking over to the telephone*): Yes, of course, Fred. But you're only guessing. (*Into the transmitter.*) Schuyler 8592.

MR. TWITTER: I'm not guessing, I tell you!

MRS. GRINNELL (*into space*): You were certain when we went to the country last year that you'd told the milkman to stop sending us any more milk, too.

MR. TWITTER (*the filial note is lacking from his voice*): Well, there's no trouble with *your* memory, Mother Grinnell. You never seem to forget anything.

MRS. TWITTER (*into transmitter*): Is this Helen? Oh, this is Emmy Twitter. Helen—you always seem to know these things—which King of France was it that was called Charles the Fool and when did he die?...What! Are you sure?...Thank you ever so much....I just got curious all of a sudden....Goodby. (*Hangs up receiver.*) Well, that's funny. You were right, Fred.

MR. TWITTER (*vehemently*): Of course I was. Now you believe it, I suppose, because Helen Luffaker has told you.

MRS. TWITTER (*calming him*): Now, Fred. Don't get worked up. But you know sometimes you get facts just a teeny, weeny bit twisted, and—

MR. TWITTER (*feeling intensely injured*): For all the good it does, I might just as well not know anything.

MRS. GRINNELL (*assuringly*): Well, Fred, don't worry. One can hardly tell the difference as it is.

MR. TWITTER (*after a pause*): And for your further information, Charles was called "The Fool" because he expected to have some respect paid to him in his own family.

(CURTAIN.)

T. H. L.



"MOTHER, WHAT IS A NINCOMPOOP?"
"S-S-SH! DEAR—HE MAY HEAR YOU."



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